

How to Be a Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). In Mr. Griffith's "Answer Column" he will be glad to aid salesmen in their salesmanship problems. His replies will be published, using only the correspondents' initials.

Answers to Questions

I. I am a retail shoe salesman. He wants to get a position on the road selling shoes at wholesale to merchants. He asks advice.

The retail shoe salesman has learned to sell shoes by the pair, while the wholesale salesman must sell by the case. This gives the retail man the wrong slant should he enter the wholesale field. Much of what he learned in the retail end would have to be "unlearned," so to speak. The policy of most shoe manufacturing concerns is that a man must go with them and "grow up" with the house before going on the road for them. In this way the house has a chance to study the man and the man has a chance to learn the business from every angle. Retail sales experience being of value in some ways, the man usually goes into some retail store and works Saturday afternoons, learning something of the retail end.

It is distinctly unusual for a shoe manufacturing firm to take a man from a retail store and put him out on the road. In the event that this should ever be done a personal knowledge of the man would be essential and a man would have to have an exceptionally clean record in every way.

H. F.—I do not believe the advertising novelty you mention would have a very strong appeal to prospective customers. It costs too much, in the first place, for the value it would have as an advertising medium. And I do not believe it

would be used much by the people to whom it was given, as an advertising novelty. However, the fact that this novelty is being manufactured is proof positive that somebody is buying it. I am only giving you my personal opinion, from the standpoint of the salesman. I believe it would be hard to sell.

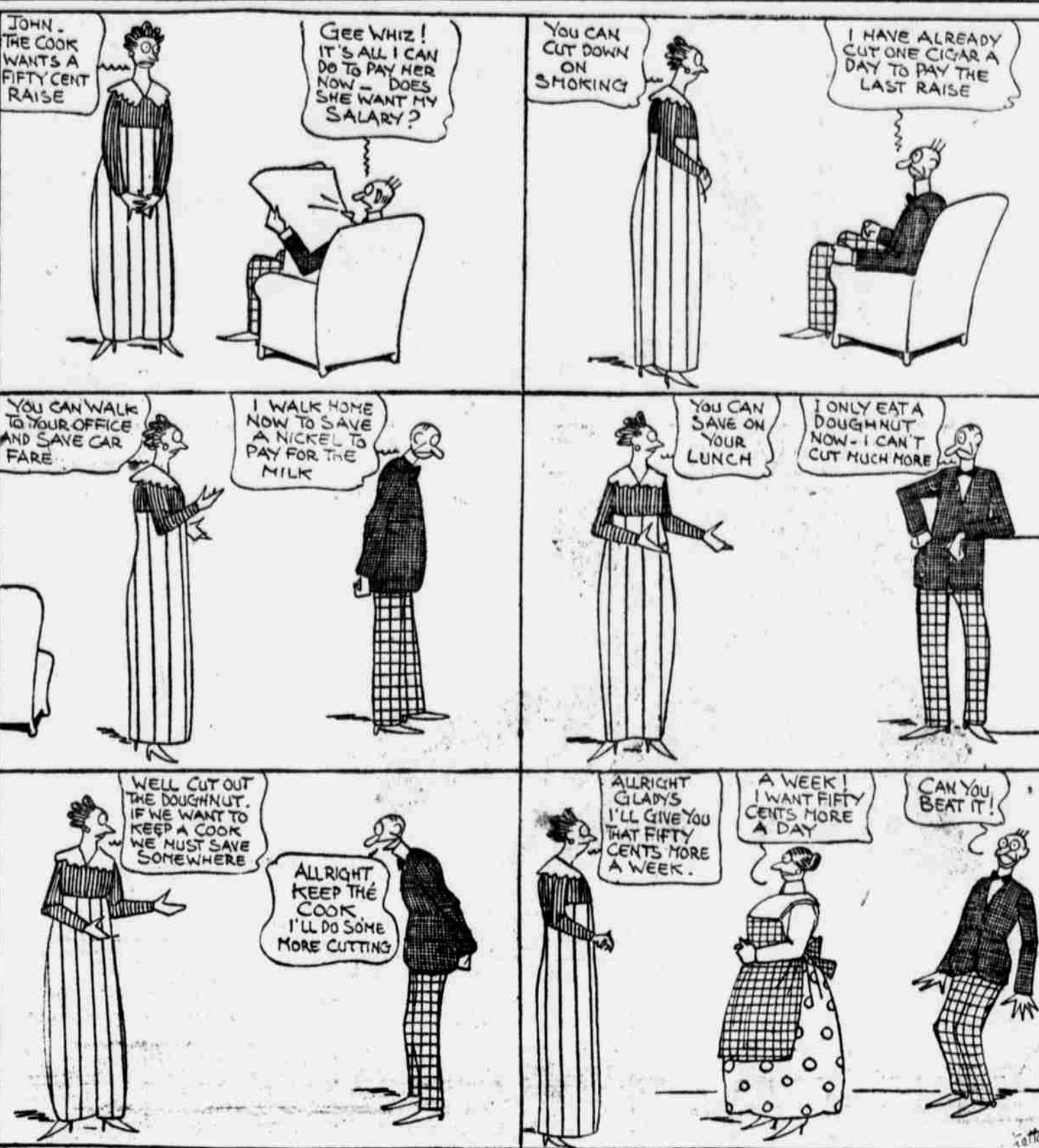
S. M.—Every person going into the selling field without previous experience is, of course, taking a chance. But every successful salesman today was once without experience. You MUST take a chance if you want to make a success of anything. I do not think you are taking too big a chance in entering the sales field. It would be pretty hard to take too big a chance, unless you had certain definite responsibilities, people dependent on you, or were of an age when a venture in a new field would involve a making over of your mental habits. It is because salesmanship does involve certain well defined mental habits that I am very careful about advising a man over forty, who has had no previous sales experience, to enter the salesmanship field. A man of that age has his mental habits pretty well fixed and it is often hard to change. A younger man is more plastic and his mind can be more easily moulded.

H. K.—By all means study a good course in salesmanship while still holding down your present position. It will provide you with an insight into the profession and give you the theoretical part. Then, when you are ready, get out in the field and apply the lessons you have learned.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Kettlen



Queer Customs From the World's Far Corners

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WHEN a young man of the Dakotas, inhabiting the Island of Borneo, finds a young lady who comes up to his standards of what a wife should be he begins paying her visits, whereupon his friends say that he has gone to look for tobacco, the saying arising from the custom of the women of a Dayak household to present comers with cigarettes made from tobacco and wrapped in dried banana leaves.

When he finds that she looks favorably upon his suit, the young man makes a regular business of calling until at last she confers upon him the favor of removing all the hair from his face with a small pair of brass pincers. This being one of the customs of the tribe, that a man is not considered complete in his dress until all his eyebrows and eyelashes are pulled out.

If the young gentleman has been somewhat of a lady-killer and has bestowed his affections on many fair maidens, there are times when he is sadly in need of some eyebrows to supply this latest love with something to do.

However, if this crisis is passed the youth prevails upon some of his friends to inform the girl's parents of his intentions. If they favor the match the young man presents them with some article of value, usually a brass ring or a glass bead.

So far everything may have gone smoothly, but the chief of the village, has next to be consulted. Some friend or relative tells him of the proposed marriage; if he sees no objection he allows the ceremony to proceed. Which it does, after dozens of emens are considered, always with an eye to the bride's future happiness.

The day previous to the wedding the bridegroom spends his time in obtaining a plentiful supply of betelnut, so that the guests may not lack something to chew during the ceremony.

The bridegroom arrives at the girl's house by boat and, together with his friends, tries to force a way into her room. Here a sham fight takes place between his friends and some friends of the bride. He finally enters only to find the girl has disappeared. He then takes his place in a corner of the room and smokes cigarettes until she decides to come back.

When she does a pig is killed, the blood sprinkled over the entire company by a Dayong who blesses the young couple and wishes them good fortune, after which, save for the feast in the evening, the ceremony is complete.

One curious phase of the wedding is that the bridegroom lives with his wife in the household of her parents for the first few years of their married life, where the newlywed husband works in the fields for his father-in-law.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. (Copyright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co.) After enlisting in the Canadian Army at the outbreak of the war, Reginald Grant is ordered to France, where he takes up his work as a gunner. His comrades are no marvels and numerous that he earns the title of "Home Sweet Home" from the front line to the rear line. He has the usual luxury of a bath, but in the midst of it a shell strikes the bath house killing 50 of the balance, Grant barely escaping with his life.

S.O.S. STAND TO!

BY SERGEANT REGINALD GRANT.

The Canadians Find Some Honey, but in the Thick of a Fight the Bees Arrive on the Scene

CHAPTER X.
ONE evening we were sitting outside of our bivouac watching some German balloons being downed by one of our airplanes; our flyer had good luck that evening, accounting for three of the floating sausages; and as we were awaiting the finish of the last sausage, and speculating on how long it would take our air bird to get it, or whether he would get it at all, the gambling spirit ran free, and fast and furiously the bets were placed.

Open-mouthed and eager we watched and while watching, a strange-looking figure of a soldier ambled, or shuffled, up the path toward our place. He was a man about forty-five, though looking more like fifty-five, quite grizzled, furrowed face, and a stubby mustache, thickly stained with tobacco juice, decorated his upper lip. As he came toward us, his face was turned upward, taking in the scurrying in the sky. "What's them bloody things?" he asked, indicating the air sausages. He had evidently just come up the line fresh from England. I told him and he jerked out an indelible pencil and made a note, sucking the lead of the pencil two or three times before he finished; and this habit, continuous with him, kept his lip constantly stained with the indelible lead.

Just then a mighty roar of delight went up from the entire crowd, as our bird gobbled the last remaining sausage, but our indelible friend paid no attention to the uproar—he simply took out his little book and made another note.

Early next morning when we emerged from our quarters the first person we saw was the odd-appearing individual that had joined up with us the night before, with his indelible notebook in his hand. He was still busily sucking his indelible pencil in the corner of his mouth, and

gent Major there, and it was his duty to take charge of the supply wagon that carried the supplies for the men there, and by chance there was among the rations this time a jar of rum. Accompanying Hambone were Snow and Reynolds of our section, they sitting in the back end of the wagon. They had barely started when Snow discovered the rum jar, and he and Reynolds at once got their backs working as to how they could get away with it. When about half way there Hambone, to stretch his legs, got off the wagon and walked alongside, and Snow instantly whispered to Reynolds, "get off and walk with him and tell him you hear a shell coming." Reynolds did as directed and Hambone ducked for cover and the wagon stood stock still. No sooner was the First Sergeant's back turned than Reynolds threw the jar into the air.

A minute or two elapsed and no explosion taking place, Hambone rejoined the wagon and the party proceeded. Then Snow slipped off the back and went back for the jar, but instead of going up the road he took the railroad track, beating the wagon by some minutes and hiding his jar of rum in his gunnery. Immediately got back and was standing beside the wagon when it arrived. Hambone, seeing him there hadn't the remotest idea that he had hopped off at any time, and supposed that he had ridden the entire way with them. Snow gave Reynolds the wink and he knew the price was safe.

The first thing Hambone did was to go to the back of the wagon for the jar. It was gone! He searched wildly about for a moment, asking first one and then the other what had become of it, and Snow volunteered the opinion that probably it had dropped off when the wagon lurched that time he thought the shell was coming. There was nothing for it but to report his loss, and the only excuse he could give was that the rum had probably rolled off when they trotted at a coming shell, and what the officer didn't say to Hambone for trotting, which was a violation of orders, would not be worth repeating. He belowed at him to go and search for it, and with wicked delight we watched the duffer going back over the route, peering from side to side of the road in his vain search.

The journey was a nine-mile trot and he covered more than half the distance, endeavoring to find the precious jar, and when he came back in a couple of hours without it, the poor devil thought he was going to be killed, such was the anger of the men at missing their rum rations, because they sorely needed it; none but those who have been there can understand how sorely it is needed in that region of the world.

Next morning, black looks and cursing threats in low voices greeted Hambone on all sides, and he worked that day as no idiot, and he made so many mistakes in getting the rations on the night, that the Major performed the coup d'etat for which

we were all anxiously waiting by transmitting as quickly as he could to headquarters his recommendation that he be retired, and Hambone, to our immense relief, was shipped back to England.

CHAPTER XI.

ON Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1918, my battery pulled into Martins, a small town in the Somme district, which lies three miles immediately west of Thiepval. The Battle of the Somme had been raging since July 1. We took up our position in a beautiful orchard, its trees laden down with apples, and along the hedge on one side of the orchard were ten beehives, humming and throbbing with busy bee life. Underneath some large apple trees we placed our guns and the thickly woven hedge right in front of us gave us a splendidly concealed nook; through the hedge we cut a hole for our beauty's nozzles.

At 5.15 in the afternoon we started registering our "love letters" in preparation for another phase of the big bombardment which had been more or less continuously in operation since the commencement of the battle, and after accomplishing our purpose we got a "stand down." The apples clustering on the trees looked as tempting to us as did the apple of our first father, and before we started registering, every man in the battery had mentally made his tree selection as the one he would climb as soon as he got a minute to himself. It was unnecessary to climb, however; with the advent of the explosion of our guns, the conclusion shook the trees as with a strong wind and the furious fruit showered upon our heads in abundance.

We cleaned up our guns, munching the red apples, and the enemy planes were humming like bees over our heads, darting here and there like bats, trying to find our place of concealment, but we were too well hidden. When night fell, McLean and I started for the rear, passing the hives on our way. "By Golly, Grant, here's a bee for a mouthful!" I know how to handle the hives. He lifted off the top with his bare hand and took out a comb, which he passed over to me, saying, "Take care, I got another one, the bees are stingin' me." Thousands were around him. I took it and started on the dead run for my billet, about two score yards, and in a minute or two I was followed with another comb. The fellows greeted us with exclamations of light and surprise; many of us had been two years in the battle line without ever having seen, let alone tasted, such a delicious morsel. Every man in the billet fell to munching his honey with expressions of sheer joy; every fellow in the bunch had

K is for Kitchen so spick and so span, We all like our Food from a shining clean Pan.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

FEBRUARY ESSAY CONTEST.
Subject: "Welcome Home."
TEN prizes of four Thrift Stamps (the equivalent of \$1.00), will be awarded each of TEN Kiddie Klub members, ages from six to fifteen inclusive, who write the best compositions on "Welcome Home." A certification from the teacher or parent of the contestant, stating that the composition is original to the

best of their knowledge and has not been copied, must accompany each composition. Compositions must be written in ink and must not exceed one hundred and fifty (150) words. Contestants must state NAME, AGE, ADDRESS AND CERTIFICATE NUMBER. Address Cousin Eleanor, Evening World Kiddie Klub, 63 Park Row, New York City. Contest closes Feb. 28.

PATRIOTISM.
P is for the President, who guides one and all.
A is for Armies, who answer duty's call.
T is for Training of citizens, staunch, tried and true.
R is for Reliance, which always pulls us through.
I is for Invincible, man to man we stand.
O is for Officers, who bravely take command.
T is for Trials and Troubles that must surely be.
I is for Industry of this great land so free.
S is for Service 'neath a flag of glorious hue.
M is for the Manhood which upholds the Red, White and Blue.
By THOMAS MALONE, aged twelve, New York City.

JANUARY CONTEST AWARD WINNER.
"Peace: What It Will Mean."
League of Nations.
By ETHEL BERLINER, aged twelve years, New York City.

YOU'VE DONE YOUR SHARE.
Come on, American soldiers, Sail on home from war; You fought and won, you've done your share. So hurry home from "Over There." When this war began we were sad; Now it's over, we're mighty glad. And you showed that you were men And that to no Kaiser would you bend. This great war you helped to win, Helped save the world from the Kaiser's sin. But now it's over, you've done your share. So return to your loved one from "Over There." By NAINA FLINT, aged fifteen years, Jamaica, L. I.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.
Beginning with any sum from 50¢ up to \$1.00, send your money to the Treasurer, World Kiddie Klub, 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note in which you state your name, age, and address. Immediately upon receipt of this money by our S.O.S. sentry or the telephonist at the battery, we get the order "K.O.S. stand to the battery," and in the space of four seconds from the time we receive that order, our first shell must be exploded in the German lines under a prearranged point to be covered in both cases being the front line trench, although it might be a machine gun emplacement, barbed wire, or a front line trench. If a man were taking a wash, he would have to jump out of the water and get to the guns as quickly as God and nature would permit him. (To Be Continued Monday.)

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